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—An Exchange of Views

THE

Commonweal

The Disinherited
by John Stanley

Salazar and the Church
by Francis E. McMahon

Novelist of Society
by Sam Hynes

A COMIC CRITIQUE . . . . . by Richard Gilman
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THE COMMONWEAL
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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

U. S.-SOVIET EXCHANGES

AS THE VARIOUS exchanges between the United States and Russia increase, so too will discussions about and criticisms of the entire exchange program. And so too will the heat engendered by clashing opinions concerning the value of the program.

A continuing, developing discussion concerning the advantages and disadvantages of the exchanges is all to the good. But to be as helpful as it might be, the discussion must avoid the irrelevant by-paths which many readers have been asked to tread by some energetic controversialists. The discussion, to be fruitful, must be based upon a realistic and informed view of what the program can do merely in terms of the people involved. How many people will travel, what are their qualifications, how are they selected? And further, if the actual practice conforms to the ideal, what, if anything, can we expect the exchanges to accomplish?

The present exchanges already cover a wide range. There are the spectacular exhibits, the Soviet Exhibition in New York and the American National Exhibition in Moscow, which show what each country is capable of. There are the cultural exchanges of dancers, singers, musicians, movies, etc. With Mr. Nixon's visit to Russia we will have begun to reciprocate in the exchange of top-level leaders. There have been and will continue to be exchanges of athletes, students, educators, scientists and technologists.

In addressing students from over thirty-five countries who have come here on the foreign-exchange program of the American Field Service, President Eisenhower stressed a point that has particular application to United States-Russia exchanges. The things that can be done best today, he said, must be done on a person-to-person basis. From the student body will come the leaders of the future. It will be well if they have some understanding of each other. President Eisenhower raised the hope that the exchanges would not only continue, but that they would increase.

WHAT IS clearly true in the case of students is no less true, though it may be less obvious, where other exchanges are involved. As a nation we learned, or at least we should have learned, several things from Mr. Mikoyan's visit. We learned that what we had long believed about particular Russian leaders was largely true, for Mr. Anastas Mikoyan was shrewd, informed, aggressive and unyielding. Mr. Frol Koslov, the other First Deputy Premier, served to confirm these views. If this seems little, it at least supplies a counter to the charge that Americans readily fall prey to Soviet blandishments. And if Mr. Nixon is given in Russia the opportunities presented to the Soviet leaders, as they have pledged, he will have the opportunity to speak to the Russian people as no other Western leader has. The goal again will be to achieve a measure of understanding—this time of our views and our aspirations.

As for the cultural exchanges, we have learned that the Russians are impressed with the level of American achievements, that America is different from and superior to what they had envisaged and that they carry their impressions back to Russia with them.

Those who remain harshly critical of these various contacts between the United States and Russia must either discount understanding as a thing of little value or they must judge that the Russians are superior to us in presenting the positive merits of the respective countries.

The latter judgment is not one that can be happily countenanced. Whatever the growing capa-

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bilities of Russia in the areas of science and technology, the irrefutable fact remains that their empire has been erected upon the sufferings and life blood of subject people, according to a system which discounts the value of the human person. And this is not a fact which we can readily lose sight of.

Yet without a measure of understanding between the two countries, that armed conflict which all must dread becomes more possible. Ignorance is not here a barrier to such an outcome; it is, rather, a blind invitation to miscalculation. The various exchanges will not cancel past history nor will they bring about a sudden Utopia. It would be unrealistic to think so. But it is equally unrealistic to think that they will undermine our purpose or our strength. They may, however, achieve the modest but significant goal of increasing understanding, the only basis for realistic negotiations.

RACIAL FLARE-UPS

RACIAL TENSIONS are, unfortunately, by no means unknown in the North. Neither is the ugliness of racial violence. Just the other day, in fact, both New York and Jersey City, New Jersey, narrowly escaped incidents involving white policemen and crowds of angry Negroes. Happily, the violence was averted in both cases, partly through the good offices of responsible Negro members of the two communities.

There are those who cite these flare-ups as arguments against integration, as proof of their thesis that relations between whites and Negroes have become worse as a result of the pressure to achieve civil rights for Negroes by law. Years ago, say these defenders of the status quo, relations between the races were much more amicable and relaxed than they are today. And they blame current racial tensions on the meddling of a handful of extremists who, they say, created discontent where previously it was unknown.

Actually, of course, the "good old days" which are so favorably compared with the present are almost wholly the creation of selective memory. The serene days when a Negro "knew his place" and never raised his voice in protest are not so happily described by the Negroes who lived through them. And is not the phrase "knowing his place" a monstrosity on the lips of anyone proclaiming his belief that "all men are created equal," not to mention a belief in the brotherhood before God of all mankind?

It may be true that Negroes today display more sensitivity, more aggressiveness in demanding their rights than their fathers and grandfathers did. It may be true that Negroes today are more likely to give vent to anger and belligerence than was the case some decades ago. But is this surprising? Whatever advances the Negro has made he has won inch by inch, against fierce opposition. If he had been "patient," if he had waited for his rights to be given him without struggle and pressure, his progress would have been pitifully small, if it existed at all.

It is not surprising that Negroes should, under these circumstances, give way sometimes to bitterness and resentment. And nowadays, of course, in the confidence of his new-found economic, political and legal strength, the Negro can afford to be much more outspoken than his forebears. Not that we should condone such outbursts: racial animosity is to be deplored whatever its origin and direction. But we must understand that these painful eruptions are the evil fruits of seeds sown long ago. What we must not do—any of us—is return hatred for hatred.

Throughout the American Negro's century-long struggle for his Constitutional rights, it is not the few outbursts of bitterness which are surprising but the extraordinary total record of forbearance, charity and restraint. Now that we are in the very midst of a profound social reorganization, difficulty, friction and resentment may indeed become more widespread; change is always a painful process. But these are our society's growing pains —the price we must pay for the kind of fulfillment America wants and needs.

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the practice of many magazines, The Commonweal is appearing on alternate weeks during July and August. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 14 and August 28. The normal weekly schedule will be resumed in September. Subscriptions will be automatically extended for four issues.

CONTINUING CRISIS IN CUBA

THOSE WHO feared the spectre of Communism in Cuba more than the brutal fact of Batista's dictatorship have had their fears confirmed and bolstered by recent events. The land

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reform is underway with what many regard as, at least, rude haste. Major Diaz, the Air Force Chief and a former Castro aide, gave testimony in Washington before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee that he knew Fidel Castro to be a Communist. More recently, and more portentously, President Manuel Urrutia, a highly respected supporter of Castro during the days of the revolution, was accused of "near-treason" and forced from office by Castro.

These events, while individually surprising, are not completely unexpected. Fidel Castro remains what he was during his opposition to Batista and acts as he promised to do from the first. He remains the dramatic, not to say flamboyant, leader of the Cubans. He is the focus and support of the Revolution—and the revolutionary program he said he would carry out. He has democratic ideals which he has had no practical experience in implementing in a country where tyrannies are familiar. As the new leader in a small country which is attempting to achieve new economic and political stability, he has an exaggerated sensitivity to external criticism.

The greatest danger to Cuba—and to Fidel Castro himself—is not that he will give up his revolutionary ideals or become subject to Communist domination. It is that he will not form a stable government and a viable political party which can exist without his immediate personal force and support. There is the further danger that his political inexperience coupled with his urgent desire to accomplish reforms rapidly will result in harsh inequities and, possibly, deep disappointment and discontent among the Cuban people. These are real and serious dangers, present from the beginning. They are, however, at some remove from the charges so frequently and irresponsibly leveled against Castro today.

PROSPERITY—FOR ALL

EMPLOYMENT last month rose to a record high of more than sixty-seven million. Rejoicing over this statistic, naturally, must be tempered by the fact that almost four million are still unemployed. Nonetheless, the new high in employment is good news indeed. Americans should not take these figures as an excuse for complacency, of course, but as an indication of the nation's capacity to grow and solve problems. And in the light of these statistics we would suggest that serious attempts now be made to include in America's prosperity those groups among the population who are now relatively excluded.

The nagging problem of regional unemployment, for example, needs to be dealt with; the continuance of depression in local areas while national prosperity is the rule should not be tolerated lightly. Neither should the fact that racial minority groups continue to suffer serious economic liabilities; this is a pressing problem. In addition we need more specific attention to the task of raising the general economic level of the twenty or twenty-five per cent of American workers who are at the bottom of the nation's economic ladder. Here we think immediate strengthening of the minimum wage laws would be very much in order.

Extending the coverage of the Fair Labor Standards Act can take two forms. Legislation now being considered by Congress would do both, extending coverage of the law to several million workers now exempted from coverage and raising the minimum wage from $1 to $1.25 an hour. We favor both provisions.

At current prices, an hourly rate of either the present $1 or the proposed $1.25 is inadequate for even a single person, let alone the head of a family. It is not now possible to set a minimum that would be genuinely adequate for the head of a family, but the twenty-five cent increase to the higher figure is possible and should be enacted.

There are, we know, people who favor higher wages, yet fear to raise the hourly minimum and extend the law's coverage. President Eisenhower is apparently among them, for at a recent press conference he branded Senate efforts to raise the hourly minimum as "inflationary." This, to our mind, is a completely inadmissible argument. The American economy does not have to be based on the exploitation of the unskilled worker in order to thrive—quite the contrary, in fact. And if raising the minimum wage to a higher level does in fact mean higher costs for some items, this is a price consumers must in conscience be prepared to pay. In justice, how can society ask the poorest of the workers to subsidize cheaper prices for the rest of us?

In this connection, we were particularly struck with recent testimony before the Senate by Monsignor George G. Higgins of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Testifying on behalf of extending the law's coverage and raising the minimum, Monsignor Higgins made a case that seemed to us at once compelling and prudent in the fullest sense of the word.

"The American consumer," Monsignor Higgins

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said, "is willing to pay fair prices. . . . We do not want to participate even indirectly, in conditions that lead to exploitation of workers." Terming the fear of inflation a valid one, Monsignor Higgins nonetheless said: "We do not consider inflation as a sound argument against the proposed increase. . . . If costs and prices must be cut to insure a stable price level, then the cuts should come in segments of our economy that enjoy favored status in regard to distribution of national income."

There are, of course, those who admit the validity of all these arguments but still insist that a raise is not possible "at this time"—that it would hurt the workers themselves. These doubts do not rest on any theoretical principle, but rely on appeals to "practicality." Such hesitations and counsels of delay can always be heard. If Congress had heeded these "practical" counsels in the past, the minimum wage would never have gone past fifty cents an hour.

In so far as there is any practical problem in connection with simultaneously raising the minimum wage and extending the coverage to more workers, Monsignor Higgins made a specific proposal to deal with it. Raise the minimum to $1.25 an hour, he suggested, for workers now covered by the law and for newly covered workers in industries where a substantial number of the employers are already paying that minimum; for workers in other industries newly covered, the $1.25 standard could be established now as an objective to be reached over a period of several years by small annual increases. "Thus we could begin, at least," in Monsignor Higgins' words, "to bring the minimum wage to a level that approaches bedrock needs for truly human existence."

To us, this reasoning seems completely convincing. We hope Congress will vote both to extend the coverage of the Fair Labor Standards Act and to raise the minimum wage to $1.25—and the sooner the better.

A New Feature

With this issue The Commonweal begins a regular column by Don McDonald and Don Wooten on current recordings of classical and jazz music. Mr. McDonald is editor of the *Catholic Messenger,* Davenport, Iowa. Mr. Wooten is on the staff of WHBF radio and television station, Rock Island, where he broadcasts weekly classical and jazz record programs. The two write a weekly classical record review column which has been appearing in the *Catholic Messenger* since 1955.

A LITTLE SILENCE

MADAME ROLAND'S famous observation on liberty, among her last words on the scaffold, can be applied as well to the virtue of holding one's tongue: O Silence, what words are uttered in thy name! Carlyle, for instance, thundering endlessly his preachments to the times, was perhaps even more verbose than usual on the heroic qualities of silence. Nevertheless, aware as we are of the ironies involved, we want to add the following little parable of dissent to the enormous literature of silence.

There was this journalist friend of ours, who had rather a close call with silence, not so long ago. He was not well, at the time, and the nature of his illness enforced a sparing use of the vocal cords. So every time he started to speak—often enough, indeed, at first—he checked himself with questions on the need and value, temporally and eternally, of the words he had proposed to loose upon the world. Inevitably it turned out that he had been on the verge of useless and irrelevant chatter—or else by the time he finished with the meditation the need for speech had long since passed.

At any rate, our friend reports, the thing snowballed. The silence led to deeper, vaster contemplations, and these encouraged still more silence, and that in turn. . . . So it went, and soon, before he knew it, he was hooked. He had the habit. He spent his days with eyes turned inward, mute as a stone, lost to the life all around him, living from one shot of silence to the next.

It was, he says, a fearful experience—all that silence and all that thought—dangerous for anyone, and for the working journalist almost necessarily fatal.

But he was lucky. When he came to the office and offered his colleagues the in-turned eyes and Mona Lisa smile, they perceived the situation in an instant. When he mumbled incoherently about the triple silence of the Quietists, they acted. They cold-turkeyed him with noise: noise of people, telephones, typewriters—the workaday office bedlam.

And he pulled through. He's all recovered now, loud and voluble as ever, and determined to stay that way. He teetotals, of course—never touches silence in any form.

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The Disinherited

Some believe that children forget; they do not forget, and there is nothing they do not notice

by JOHN STANLEY

THOSE WHO WORK for the goal of achieving economic equity, even economic equality, are radically right in their pursuit. Economic, psychic, spiritual and intellectual inequality all go together; the first begets the others—and a lot more. In addition, these inequalities are passed on from generation to generation. The dull sons of the prosperous can be tutored and pushed and travelled and motivated. The dull sons of the poor are allowed to sink lower and lower. Who cares? And they will beget sons who will be like them, and it will go on and on.

Take the question of education. In one big city junior high school I know, there are about four hundred children in the ninth grade, most of them between twelve and fifteen years old. The grade must be divided into workable units, of course, so there are fifteen sections, more or less uniform in size. The divisions are made according to ratings based on intelligence and reading tests. At one end of the class is a group designated as "special"; they all have I.Q.'s between 125 and 150. At the opposite end is a section for those who are really sub-standard. The rest of the groups are considered "normal," even though a couple of sections have children with I.Q.'s in the fifties, sixties and seventies.

An interesting thing to one newly come upon this situation is the correlation between the apparent socio-economic background of the child and his I.Q. and performance records. There are, of course, exceptions that "prove" the rule, but after saying this there need be no fear in stating that the bright ones come from "good" homes and the dim ones from "poor" homes. The "specials," for example, the ones with the highest I.Q.'s, come to school cleanly and neatly dressed, properly brushed and bathed. They appear to be well fed and are rarely absent because of illness. They are spirited but polite and well-spoken. They are ambitious; they hope to get into one of the good city high schools, and they've got to have those marks—especially since most of them are headed for college. They are more interesting, but less exciting as human beings, than their less gifted fellow students. They seem to be physically less mature than the others, dress less precociously, and have—or, at least, show—less interest in the opposite sex. They look softer.

Their fellows at the other end of the class look hard and skinny. Their dress is not as good or as clean, but flashier and more "adult." They do not look too well bathed or brushed or fed. The boys tend to let their hair grow longer, and the girls wear more cosmetics. They are harder for the teacher to "handle"; many times they are insolent and surly and rude; they have little regard for conventional norms of politeness. They have little interest in what is going on; they don't care; they're not going anywhere.

There is at least some tension between the two groups. The "specials" are always, quite justly, being rewarded for their good conduct. The others are always, and again quite justly, being punished for their bad conduct.

NOW IT IS certainly *possible* for a child from a bad home background to "make it"; all he has to do is make heroic efforts. And of course children from good homes can be stupid and can fail; it happens all the time. But what about the main stream?

Consider the theoretical case of two boys with the same physical and mental and psychological capacities —at birth. But one grows up in a home where there is a certain knowledge of nutrition, and where there is always enough to eat. He is always given enough warm and presentable clothing. He has a place where he can study in some degree of tranquility. His parents have some sort of respect for the tradition of learning; he hears literate conversation at table; there are books. His parents are properly ambitious for themselves and

Mr. Stanley is a New York writer who contributes regularly to The Commonweal.

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for him. And so forth. "It all goes together," as Eric Gill used to say.

Then look at this child's opposite number. It is not necessary to draw diagrams.

Moreover, each child is pushed further and further in the direction he's heading. Teachers are human beings, too, and it is more "rewarding," generally speaking, to teach those who want to learn and are capable of concentrating and can show results. It is natural to want to foster the best. People have only so much strength, and only a limited task can be accomplished.

The dark and sharp-faced children sit and squirm and rebel in the ugly rooms allotted them from September through June. They know it is not important to anyone that they learn anything. They are kept off the streets so as not to be a nuisance. And they are a nuisance, noisy, cluttering up the pavements with their games, running in front of cars, hitching on the backs of trucks and buses from which they sometimes fall and get hurt, throwing balls up against the sides of buildings—although there are signs prohibiting even this. They haven't the remotest interest in what is going on in class. This is a world that has nothing to do with their world. This is a world that belongs to the bright and interesting people, the knowing and acquisitive and, well, fortunate people.

It is a strange thing to talk with a sallow-faced boy of fourteen, whose lunch consists of a coke, a doughnut and a cigarette and listen to his stories of his drunkenness, stories confirmed by his buddies. It is a strange thing to sit on the beach at Coney Island and watch children fourteen or fifteen years old swigging vodka from a bottle, staggering in the sand, whooping and getting sick and shouting obscene things, their bodies thin and taut and underdeveloped, their faces full of pain. Some of them are already on dope at thirteen. And it is strange to eavesdrop, your eyes on the pages of an open book you do not see, to hear a fifteen-year-old, with his black curls arranged carefully over his forehead, explaining to a thirteen-year-old the best ways of house-breaking and mugging, with examples from recent jobs accomplished. These boys, and their girl friends—what have they to do with George Eliot and Robert Louis Stevenson?

WHAT DO we really think of our children? What do we want for them? And what are the means we are using to attain our declared end—which is the real test? As one teacher in one school, I at least have observed that the means we employ are inadequate or mean or ugly. There is no generosity. There is not even justice: giving to each what is his due. (What is due a human being, by the way?) What proportion of its effort should a society—of human beings—give to the production of guns, cosmetics, houses, schoolbooks?

We might get a certain satisfaction, if we have that kind of temperament, out of the fact that things are not as bad here as they are, say, in Naples. Indeed, they are not. Recently I read a very moving book by Morris West called *Children of the Shadows,* the True Story of the Urchins of Naples (Doubleday). Conditions in Naples, apparently, are almost beyond belief. Packs of children who have not even reached their teens roam the streets and sleep in doorways, hungry, ragged, homeless. They hustle and steal and roll drunken sailors to survive.

Before they leave home they're already corrupted. They are corrupted by having received no love from their parents, who never wanted them and to whom they are a burden, who seek only to use them—for work or, horribly, for sex. Many of them commit suicide. (There are children who commit suicide here, too.) "A child has no politics . . . no nationality," says Morris West. "He has only the right to live, the right to hope. If these rights are denied him, it is a crime against humanity." Crimes, rights, justice. These words have lost their power to move. We have heard them all so often.

But let this be known: If the children are not given their due—here at home as well as in Naples—they will grow hearts bursting with resentment, resentment which will fester and poison us all. Some appear to believe that children forget, that they don't notice. They do not forget, and there is nothing they don't notice.

Especially children notice dishonesty in its almost infinite variety. There are, we know, as many forms of corruption as there are of dishonesty, as many forms of neglect, as many forms of starvation, as many ways of indicating to children that they were a mistake and are not wanted.

"Those who have been given a lot will be given even more, and those who have been given a little will have even that taken away," is not a social ideal to be pursued any more than "Slaves obey your masters" is. It is a bitter fact of the Old World of the Old Adam. But we have sailed away from that old world of elaborately carved mausoleums. We have no wish to emulate the past. We have set ourselves to live all new. And those who look back shall have their hearts turned to pistons of salt.

To each according to his need, from each according to his gift; this is a law that is so radically right, and so necessary to good order, that no dissimulation about it can be permitted. Not only does piled-up treasure belong to the poor, but piled-up intelligence, and piled-up sympathy, and all the rest of it. The inequality of endowment must not go to perpetuate inequality, but to effect the economy of charity. Who has something that he has not been given? And where, *where* is the self-made man?

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A significant shift in

Church-State relations in Portugal

Salazar and the Church

by FRANCIS E. McMAHON

THE YEAR-OLD tension between Church and State in Portugal has not subsided. Two recent events indicate that Prime Minister Antonio de Oliveira Salazar still rankles over the controversy that broke out last year. First, the delay in accepting the credentials of the newly appointed Papal Nuncio has puzzled the Portuguese. The Nuncio had arrived in Portugal late in the winter of the present year, but it was not until June that he was formally received.

The second noteworthy event was the arrest in March of a Catholic priest, Father Perestrelo de Vasconcelos, rector of a church near Lisbon, on the grounds that he was conspiring to overthrow the government. Along with a number of other individuals seized at the same time, Father Perestrelo was blanketed in a general charge of encouraging a Communist-inspired plot to assassinate leading figures of the regime. That he should be associated with such a nefarious design is evidence of the growing hysteria of a government not completely sure of itself.

It was one year ago that the Bishop of Oporto, Msgr. Antonio Ferreira Gomes, wrote his now famous personal letter to Salazar outlining his objections to conditions in Portugal. The contents of the letter became known in that country a few weeks later, but months passed (for some unexplained reason) before the American public learned about it, and even then only parts of it came to light. A more complete text proves it to be one of the most forceful indictments of a dictatorial regime ever penned by a Catholic prelate. Probably because it was meant to be a personal letter, Bishop Ferreira Gomes spoke with the utmost frankness.

The Bishop explained to Salazar that the Church's good name was suffering from its linkage with a regime which had provoked much opposition. "The great and tragic reality is that the Church in Portugal is already losing the trust of her best sons." The cause of the Church "is being lost in the soul of the people, of the workers, and of the youth." He remarked that some leaders of Catholic Youth had abandoned their posts because of the harangues of pro-Salazar clergy, and that in other instances Catholics had retired from the churches when the priests began to speak of the elections.

He rejected the idea that the cause of truth and justice was identified with the cause of the regime. "I do not identify the causes." To demonstrate his point, he subjected a recent address of the Prime Minister to a close scrutiny. "I found myself doing an exercise in logic in seeking the exact contradictory of the positions taken by Your Excellency. I confess frankly that I saw myself almost obliged to adhere to the formal contradictory of your speech. I may err, but I believe my stand is that of the Church."

SALAZAR HAD said in his address that "the strike is, among us, a crime." It is not a crime, the Bishop retorted, according to Catholic doctrine. Likewise he rejected Salazar's view that the State is empowered to settle all disputes between management and labor: "In the presence of problems of salaries, of the conditions of labor and the distribution of the fruits of labor and of productivity, what has mere legal justice to say in a concrete way?"

The Bishop did not find the regime adequately coping with the rising social and political tensions. Social peace, he said, depends upon two factors: the just distribution of the fruits of labor, and the participation by all in the direction of common affairs. Neither goal is being realized in Portugal, and the failure results from a defect in first principles: "I have always given the greatest attention to the words of Your Excellency, but they have not given me satisfaction in the fields either of political philosophy or sociology."

A sound social order will not result, he continued, by depending upon a spirit of paternalism among employers, while at the same time workers remain without an effective voice. "The workers cannot be educated by the employers. They do not want such teaching, and we must admit they are right, whatever might be the social comprehension of the employer." Nor can the role of teacher be assumed by the State. Is the State really a teaching society? "It looks as though all over the non-totalitarian world such a

Mr. McMahon, the author of *A Catholic Looks at the World*, is a frequent contributor.

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wrong notion is becoming obsolete, with beneficial results in all domains, especially in the field of labor."

The Bishop paid tribute to the financial talents of the Prime Minister, but he warned that financial stability should not become an end in itself, and he condemned the corporative state as it had been realized in Portugal. "Portuguese corporativism was (and is) in reality a means of depriving the workers of the natural right of association." Yet it is to this plan that "one seeks to attach the Holy Church."

The prelate censured the lack of political freedom in the country. The policy of the regime "seems to reduce the political life of the country to the Administration. We cannot but conclude that man does not need to think or to realize himself politically. The Portuguese citizen does not need a political dimension." But this is a viewpoint that the Church cannot impose upon anyone. "The enormous, historic and decisive problem is this: can or cannot the Catholics have a political dimension? That is the problem of the Portuguese Church *hic et nunc,* as it is the great and seemingly the only problem of the nation."

Concluding his letter, the Bishop asked Salazar whether the State would object to Catholics undertaking a program of education concerning the Christian social order, and whether Catholics could begin to function in the political sphere in order to realize that program. He wanted no particular favors for Catholics but he did request "with all possible firmness, the respect, the freedom and the non-discrimination owed to all honest citizens in any civil society."

HERE WAS THE first serious rift between Church and State since Salazar came into power. Portugal is not officially a Catholic state (unlike Spain) but the *de facto* relations between the clergy and the government have been friendly and sympathetic. Some of the clergy, whether owing to instinctive preference for authoritarian regimes or whether because of the memories of past persecutions before Salazar came into power, have shown enthusiastic support for the present system. The result was inevitable: a growing spirit of anti-clericalism, accompanied by actual defections from the Church. The Bishop sought to make clear that the Christian conscience was not faced with the alternative of Salazarism or Communism. There was a third way: a Christian democratic order. Salazar had always rejected this third way.

He has continued to reject it. After the Bishop's letter came to public attention (in a manner still unknown) the regime published a lengthy reply. And early in December of 1958, the Prime Minister himself uttered his famous warning against Catholics who were critical of the regime. "It would be painful for me," he declared, "to be forced to pass strictures about the conduct of churchmen in the name of a power equally lawful in its own sphere." He was obviously attacking Bishop Ferreira Gomes.

The Patriarch of Lisbon, Manuel Cardinal Gongalves Gerejeira, entered the controversy shortly afterwards. In a radio broadcast he declared that while it is true that religion is one thing and politics is another, it is also true that "the ultimate bases of human action derive from the spiritual order. In this sense it is legitimate to say that it is the spiritual order which judges the temporal and not vice versa." Without mentioning specifics, he thus supported the Bishop.

In January of the present year, a pastoral letter signed by all the bishops of Portugal, including Bishop Gerreira Gomes, was issued. Although pacific in tone and even of a conciliatory character, it again stressed the right of churchmen to speak out on temporal affairs when these impinged upon the moral order. "The hierarchy," it declared, "would be betraying their divine authority if they ceased to preach prudently, yet firmly, Catholic doctrine with all the demands on individual, family, social, political and cultural life." The Church's concern for the humble and poor was emphasized. Catholic Action was carefully discriminated from political action. Individual Catholics, acting on their own initiative, were "free personally to dissent from any political ideology."

IN ONE MAJOR respect the pastoral did not go as far as Bishop Ferreira Gomes. The latter had clearly censured the theoretical bases of Salazar's system. The joint declaration, however, affirmed that the Church's social program "does not necessarily point to errors of the state." Some Portuguese believe that the pastoral represented a compromise among opposing views of the hierarchy. This is quite possible. A bridge, nevertheless, had been crossed. Henceforth the Portuguese hierarchy will be concerned, as never before, with questions of a social and political character. Tacit approval of Salazar's policies is a thing of the past.

The Church in Portugal is clearly shifting from a defense of old and conservative formulas to open support of a democratic order of Christian character. The process will be gradual, but the outcome appears to be inevitable. What is happening in Portugal parallels what is happening throughout the entire Hispanic world: Catholics are abandoning their prejudices against democracy, which they often confused—with good historical reasons—with the blight of Jacobinism. In Argentina, Colombia, Cuba, Nicaragua and in other Latin American countries, the change has taken or is taking place. Some may argue that the shift has come late—very late. Be that as it may, the Hispanic world is entering upon a new phase of its history. Here is something which is pregnant with weighty consequences for the future.

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A CASE FOR PERSUASION

I GAVE my first Commencement Address at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota, early in June. Traditionally, the remarks delivered on the occasion of a college commencement are to be accepted patiently by the graduates and their guests and then mercifully forgotten. I thought this would be the fate of what I had to say at St. John's—and undoubtedly there are those who wish it had been. But, instead, to my surprise, the speech was widely publicized in the diocesan press and elsewhere; the full text was published in a recent issue of *America*.

The theme of the talk was that American Catholics live in a liberal society but that American liberalism is not the upper-case ideology of the Enlightenment; it is no threat to the liberty of the Church. To participate fully, intelligently and creatively in American society, I said, is a Catholic obligation. I said that the liberal society of the United States presupposes that its citizens will participate in its democratic dialogue, the ceaseless debate, but more especially the rational debate, by which the civil society reaches its decisions. I argued that the time had come for American Catholics to take their full share of responsibility for the fate of their country—not as a religious bloc, a fifth column, or as disciplined cadres but as individual citizens who share responsibility for a common secular culture with their non-Catholic fellows.

I went so far as to say that the time had come for Catholics to give up their separatism and such power plays and pressure-group activities as picketlines, letter-writing campaigns, blacklists and boycotts. These methods, I claimed, reinforce the image of the Church as a power-seeking organization and perpetuate the group isolation which is responsible for depriving America of the special contribution which the Catholic genius can make to our pluralist culture.

Such advice was taken in some Catholic circles as an invitation to suicide. The Brooklyn *Tablet* said I was advocating Catholic inaction. The *Tablet* went further. It attributed to a merciful Providence that Pope John's first encyclical appeared soon after the speech was given and would therefore offset the baneful effects of the Commencement Address.

Of course I found this connecting of the two texts outrageously flattering, but hardly realistic. The Pope's encyclical was an historic document and should not even have been spoken of in the same breath with one of the thousand commencement addresses delivered last month on the college campuses of America. Moreover, I can find nothing either in the spirit or the text of the encyclical which would seem to put power-plays above reasoned argument or canonize the kind of group militancy which obscures the reality of the Church in the eyes of those who do not know her for what She is.

The Holy Father's words, on the contrary, strike me as a much nobler expression of what I had been trying to say. There is not a single bellicose note in the encyclical. It is completely without threats and breathes the spirit of charity throughout. From all one reads about the Pope and from the words he has already spoken, there is every reason to believe that he prefers gentle persuasion to the brandishing of power.

But let me not try to drag the Pope into my corner. I feel sure that he would find words of caution and correction for both the *Tablet* writer and for me were we to present our cases before him.

What is more pertinent, I think, is whether my suggestion that American Catholics give up the tactics of the pressure group is really such a suicidal notion. Would American Catholics be helpless without them?

Obviously I do not think so. I think that such tactics have actually done more harm than good. I grant they have produced immediate, sometimes even spectacular results, but they have *convinced* no one. They have generally proved nothing but that there are millions of Catholics in this country who control a great deal of money and a certain number of votes. They have gone a long way toward shaping the public image of the Church as a power complex, and in doing that I think they have been particularly inept. For what is to be said of efforts which have this effect?

To say this is certainly not to advocate that Catholics patronize offensive films or support the purveyors of pornography or be indifferent to crypto-Communist causes. It is to say though that American Catholics, by individual participation in civic groups—acting as citizens in cooperation with other citizens—should assume their full share of national leadership, emphasizing persuasion rather than power and pressure. It is to argue that giving reason for the faith that is in us is better than offering faith as an explanation for the reason that is in us.

We hear a great deal these days about the role of the pressure group in a democratic society. I must admit that government-by-pressure strikes me as a corruption of the democratic idea. The pressure group is with us, heaven knows, and we can not blind ourselves to its effectiveness. But we do not have to canonize it. We can still hold fast to the ideal of a civic society which makes its decisions rationally, after dialogue and debate, and relies more confidently on the power of the word than it does on the power of the picketline.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Anthony Powell's meditations on social forces and the music of time

Novelist of Society

by SAM HYNES

IN ONE OF his prefaces Henry James remarks that "experience, as I see it, is our apprehension and our measure of what happens to us as social creatures—any intelligent report of which has to be based on that apprehension." For James this "intelligent report" was, of course, the novel, and one might divide novelists into two main traditions according to whether or not they would accept James' definition of their genre.

Those who wouldn't are the great romantics—Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, Stendhal, the Brontës, Melville, Hardy, Conrad, Lawrence—in whose novels man stands alone, confronting his destiny or his guilt, and finding has ultimate meaning in that solitary confrontation.

The other tradition offers a very different image of the human situation; men are the sum of what happens to them as "social creatures," and consequently the critical center of its novel is not the individual, but the society, the structure of relationships through which man finds his identity. In the novel of this tradition manners are social values in action, and indeed the only way in which values can be revealed; by their manners characters are identified, distinguished, and ultimately judged. The characters tend to appear in pairs or in groups—in the social patterns of family, school, business, class—and their actions are the rituals which man performs as a social animal. This is the tradition of Flaubert and Proust, of Jane Austen and Thackeray and Dickens and Ford Madox Ford, and in America of Edith Wharton and Scott Fitzgerald—the tradition we can label the Novel of Society.

One might expect that the Novel of Society would flourish best in the most stable societies, but in fact this does not seem to be the case. Social values, like other values, apparently must be in question, under attack, before they can become the concern of the artist; between inherited values and the forces massed against them a tension must exist to provide the novelist with the materials for dramatic conflict. In Jane Austen the myth of gentility struggles with the reality of economic necessity; in James American innocence confronts European experience. Social awareness seems to be a consciousness that comes with the decline of the accepted.

IT IS THIS kind of consciousness which one finds in the novels of Anthony Powell, the most distinguished novelist of society, it seems to me, now writing in England. But although Powell's reputation in his own country is well established, he has not yet had much recognition in America. Eight of his nine novels have been published in this country at one time or another, but only four are currently in print, and of the four in his still-unfinished series *The Music of Time—A Question of Upbringing, A Buyer's Market, The Acceptance World,* and *At Lady Molly's*—only the latter two are available here.

This is unfortunate, since the series is, as nearly as one can judge it in its present uncompleted form, one intricate structure, in which each book depends for some of its significance on everything that has preceded it. The reader learns to know the characters gradually, as though he were overhearing an intimate and allusive conversation between members of the same circle about mutual acquaintances. Without the first two novels as background, the actions of the later ones must often seem puzzling and unmotivated; with them, the social determination which operates relentlessly through the series becomes clear and necessary.

The Music of Time is essentially a recollection of and a meditation on the history of a segment of English society in the years between the two wars. The narrator, Nick Jenkins, recalls, from some point in the approximate present, the events of his past life and of the lives to which his has been related, from his days at school through his early maturity in London to (as the series now stands) some time just before the outbreak of the second world war. As Nick remembers events—an afternoon at school, a house party, a ball—he seeks for the meanings they hold, the relationships they reveal, the intricate patterns of causation they suggest. Through his meditations themes are established, characters are made real, and values emerge.

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Like many similar figures in other novels of the tradition, Nick stands slightly outside the world which he records. His own actions are consistently minimized—he falls in love, earns a living, becomes engaged; but these things occur in passing, almost parenthetically; Nick is important in the novels not for what he does, but for what he observes, and what he understands. Powell uses him, as James uses his central intelligences, to record his version of "what happens to us as social creatures."

At the heart of Powell's version of the human condition are a profound sense of the power of social forces and a steady recognition of the relentless, irreversible power of time. The first novel begins with an image of a group of workingmen, gathered around a brazier on a streetcorner. Their postures remind Nick of a picture by Poussin, "in which the Seasons, hand in hand and facing outward, tread in rhythm to the notes of the lyre that the winged and naked greybeard plays. The image of Time brought thoughts of mortality; of human beings, facing outward like the Seasons, moving hand in hand in intricate measure: stepping slowly, methodically, sometimes a trifle awkardly, in evolutions that take recognizable shape: or breaking into seemingly meaningless gyrations, while partners disappear only to reappear again, once more giving pattern to the spectacle: unable to control the melody, unable, perhaps, to control the steps of the dance."

The dance is the intricate measure of society; the music it moves to is the music of time. Neither the steps nor the music is in man's power to control; he can only move with it, recognizing as he does the beauty of movement and of melody.

POWELL'S preoccupation with time, and the way in which he moves backward and forward over social causes and effects, gives his novels a Proustian form, and something of Proust's melancholy tone. Like Proust (and like James) Powell organizes his meditations around social occasions, each occasion stimulating recollections and speculations about the characters involved, and their relations to each other, each occasion related to other occasions in an intricate pattern of social causations. Like Proust, Powell finds meaning not in events, but in the recollection of events; Time, for both of these authors, is the mother of Knowledge.

Through these meditations upon action, rather than through the actions themselves, we come gradually to know the characters, to like or despise or pity them, but in any case to know them as we know our friends, from the outside, from the sum of what we know of their actions and relationships. Powell's power to create memorable characters is one of his great excellences; his characters are vivid because he sees so clearly, and establishes so precisely, the social determinants of personality, and the effects of personality upon social action.

There is, for example, Widmerpool, a repellent, pitiful, and yet comic young man who hovers around the society of Nick and his friends, yearning toward it, but eternally outside. Widmerpool's nature is defined in the other characters' minds by two things they remember about him; he once wore the wrong sort of overcoat at school (so wrong that his schoolmates take to referring to any outré article of dress as "rather Widmerpool"), and once, at a party, a girl poured a bowl of sugar over his head.

Widmerpool cannot penetrate society, any society, because he does not understand the terms by which it exists; he cannot hear the music, or see the steps of the dance. No one can take him seriously, and even his most desperate failures are funny.

To understand the significance of Widmerpool, and for that matter of the many other memorable characters in *The Music of Time,* one must read the novels slowly. They do not reveal their excellences easily—there is none of the "fine writing" of Lawrence Durrell, nor the evident social reference of C.P. Snow. Neither characters nor situations seem extraordinary; there are no heroes, no scenes of violence or of tragedy, no public events to lend scope, no spectacles. There is only the ordinary, seen with extraordinary clarity and delicacy of perception.

Nick, meditating (characteristically) on a "social occasion" which he is attending, sums up this quality of perception, and the understanding which underlies it: "I reflected, not for the first time, how mistaken it is to suppose there exists some 'ordinary' world into which it is possible at will to wander. All human beings, driven as they are at different speeds by the same Furies, are at close range equally extraordinary."

It is this capacity to see human beings at close range, in their relations to each other, and to realize their extraordinariness that makes *The Music of Time* an achievement of impressive dimensions.

But though Powell's individual characters are immediately engrossing, one must not overlook the pattern into which they fit—the image of society which they compose. Like other English novelists writing since the war, (notably C.P. Snow and L.P. Hartley) Powell seems drawn to the years *entre deux guerres* for his material, and it is easy to see that a novelist concerned with social themes would be, for during those years a social structure of great intricacy and durability entered the last stages of its decay. *The Music of Time* is, among other things, a moving record of that decay, and of its effects on human beings involved in it. As a distinguished novel of society, it merits a high place in its tradition.

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THE SCREEN

DECEMBER AND SEPTEMBER SONGS

IT ISN'T LIKELY that the film makers in their search for material will turn to those novels by Virginia Woolf in which the passage of time is as important as any character. But if they do they might well employ the services of Ingmar Bergman, the distinguished Swedish director who uses time magnificently in "Wild Strawberries," his latest picture to be shown in this country. Slowly, too slowly considering its high quality, Bergman's work is attracting attention here. No doubt his imaginative ideas and his use of symbolism that is not always as crystal clear as his photography have something to do with the delay in his popularity; but once audiences get used to his handsomely made, stimulating movies, there could very well be a Bergman vogue here. And "Wild Strawberries" might serve as an excellent starter for newcomers.

Its main plot, in the script written by Bergman himself, is simple enough. It tells of one day in the life of a seventy-year-old doctor who is to receive an honorary degree for his fifty years of work in medicine. After arguing with his housekeeper somewhat amusingly in the early morning hours, he starts out by auto to Lund from his home in Stockholm, accompanied by his daughter-in-law, who regards him as a hard-hearted egoist and her own husband as something worse. During the long drive they pick up a cheerful young hitchhiker and her two equally cheery male companions, and then later they pick up a married couple whom they soon put out because of their intolerable bickering. They stop to see the doctor's aged mother, too. Finally they get to Lund, where the university ceremonies are indeed impressive. When the doctor gets to bed after the long day, he has made his peace with his housekeeper, with his son and daughter-in-law (who seem to be reunited) and with himself.

The outline is as simple as that, but the movie is by no means simple, because of the effective way in which director-writer Bergman uses the time element to develop character. The past and the future are as important as the present, in the doctor's dream—in which he sees his own funeral, clocks that have no hands and, later in this painful dream, his unfaithful wife carrying on—and in the reveries of his youth—in which he recalls the summering place he went to with his family and, the wild strawberries picked by the lovely girl who didn't marry him—and in other remembrances of things past. All this has been beautifully photographed by Gunnar Fischer, who melts the dreams and the memories into a continuous flow with the present.

The role of the doctor is played to perfection by the eighty-year-old Swedish director and actor Victor Sjostrom, whose performance combines haunting beauty with realism. The large supporting cast is excellent, especially Ingrid Thulin as the daughter-in-law, Gunnar Bjornstrand as the son and Bibi Andersson in the dual role of the girl with the strawberries and the modern hitchhiker. It has been said that an Ingmar Bergman film is in its symbolism and obscurity like a jigsaw puzzle with some of the pieces missing. That may be so, but in "Wild Strawberries" the pieces that are there are brilliant.

AN AMERICAN film, "Middle of the Night," also presents the problems of an aging man—aging, but only fifty-six now. And although this New York widower is kept busy with his family and his work as a Seventh Avenue garment manufacturer, he is worried about his empty future. So when he falls in love with his twenty-four-year-old secretary, life takes on a new glow and interest for him. Fredric March gives a fine performance of a disturbed man, especially in the emotional scenes, but he is not very convncing as a Jewish manufacturer; and since the film depends so much on detail and the authentic realism of Paddy Chayefsky's dialogue, this detracts from the total effect.

Under Delbert Mann's direction, the large cast come through well: March is at times heart-breaking as the unhappy widower seeking companionship and love, and needless to say ill-at-ease about an alliance with a divorcée in her twenties; Kim Novak gives her best performance to date as the secretary—lovely to look at, but so disturbed and neurotic that even a younger man would find her difficult to cope with; as her ex-husband, Lee Philips is properly the shallow sensualist Chayefsky had in mind; Joan Copeland is excellent as March's daughter, who cares for her father but whose smattering of psychology makes her think she knows all the answers; Martin Balsam, who relies more on his heart than on what he learned in Psych. I, is on his father-in-law's side in all the endless arguments. And the arguments are endless, not only in March's family, including his protective and domineering sister (Edith Meiser), but also with Kim's good friend (Lee Grant) and her mother (Glenda Farrell), who have a lot to say about Kim's marrying a man old enough to be her father. But it is the attempted suicide of his middle-aged playboy partner (Albert Dekker) that influences March to seek happiness and love with Kim no matter what the future may hold for the ill-mated pair.

In spite of the film's honest dialogue and many superb individual scenes showing all these people in action, "Middle of the Night" seems to have no firm point of view. The basic moralities are glided over in the superficial search for personal happiness, and nothing is really resolved by the shaky finale.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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An Exchange of Views

"Adenauer for President"

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: Some historical reservations should be appended to Philip Burnham's wishfully thought article "Adenauer for President" [May 15]. With Mr. Burnham, I shall leave to history the judgment of Dr. Adenauer, except insofar as to note that to this point his reunification policy for Germany has obviously been a total failure. But I seriously doubt that he can be wholly blamed for this to any greater degree than he might be given credit for a reunification should it come, by some miracle, out of Geneva. For the same reason I would hardly condemn the Nagy government for its failure to take Hungary out of the Warsaw Pact.

I don't follow, either, what Mr. Burnham means in asserting that Dr. Adenauer's policy is a "civilized policy" (as if his opponents were either monkeys or barbarians), a statement he appears to wish to sanction in some mysterious way by the two remarks, "Konrad Adenauer is a Catholic statesman," and "Adenauer is deeply a Rhenish Catholic." And though it may have been, as Mr. Burnham asserts, that the Catholic Church was "virtually the only institution seriously operating and ready to go" (go where?) in 1945, I doubt that this was, on the whole, a great advantage for Adenauer—oh yes, an advantage for securing votes among the faithful, but what sort of an advantage is that in a country two-thirds Protestant or religiously unaffiliated?

In fact, it is precisely the Church connection (if such it can be called) of the Christian Democratic Union (C.D.U.) that makes it and the Federal Republic most suspect in the overwhelmingly Protestant (East) German Democratic Republic. And don't think the East German Communists don't play the tune about Adenauer's "Catholic policy" for all it's worth. It is this same connection with the Church that has driven many a Protestant or religiously indifferent voter in the West to the Social Democratic Party (S.P.D.).

And now a few facts. Solidly Catholic agrarian Bavaria and the agricultural areas of the Rhineland (where historically, at least, local priests have always "explained" the issues on election Sunday), not the industrialized Rhineland, are the real basis of C.D.U. strength. The Social Democrats, *if* they were favored by the Allied occupation authorities as Mr. Burnham says, were favored because everyone knew that an old S.P.D. comrade was certain not to have been a Nazi—and that, in 1945, was the criterion for installing leaders in Germany.

Furthermore, the failure of the S.P.D., while certainly due in part to its persisting connection with Marxist ideology, is not due to its being "compromised by weakness and dispersal under the Nazis (how can something be "compromised by weakness and dispersal" anyway?) . . . and [its] incapacity." For every inept Ollenhauer there was or is an Ernst Reuter, a Willy Brandt and a Kurt Shumacher. Social Democratic "incapacity" seems rather to be that its eminent leaders have in two cases been from far-away Berlin, which is not where the votes lie in present-day West Germany; or maybe the "incapacity" is that its leaders die relatively young. But then, Schumacher spent his creative years under the Nazis in a concentration camp getting his head bashed in for his Socialist principles and not in hoeing his garden and keeping his mouth shut as did the new eighty-three year old Chancellor Adenauer.

If any party ever were to compromise itself in the eyes of its voters, it should have been the Catholic *Zentrum,* progenitor of the C.D.U. In 1933, the *Zentrum* gave its solid support to the Enabling Act by means of which the Nazis were *legally* permitted to destroy all remnants of Weimar democracy. The S.P.D., it might be noted in contrast, voted its ninety-four voices solidly (and alone) against the same act.

Mr. Burnham alleges that the German unity he foresees will not be brought about by "the Hohenzollerns or Prussian soldiers or Nationalist Socialist stormtroopers." Does this chain of associations imply that he sees them as peas in a pod? And does he mean to imply, as he seems to, that Dr. Adenauer's *"cultural* (his italics) policy" is somehow favored by the reduction of the influence of "Berlin and the most Prussian and the most Protestant areas" ("reduced from their former influence" here must mean "turned over to the Poles for colonization or occupied by the Soviet army")? That makes the chain of associations complete: "Hohenzollerns, Prussian soldiers, National Socialist stormtroopers, Berlin, Protestant."

These remarks are at the very least downright silly and without any basis in historical fact. National Socialism, after all, germinated in Catholic Bavaria. This had, as far as I can see, nothing to do with the fact that Bavaria was Catholic, but if I state it without this qualification, I make the same sort of silly

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inuendo which Mr. Burnham has made. Furthermore, Berlin, as reference to pre-war German election statistics reveals, has been "Red" (Communist and S.P.D.) for a long time, as was Prussia itself as late as 1932. Mr. Burnham also implies that the most "European" (does this mean "cosmopolitan" or "pan-European" or both or what?) parts of Germany are the most Catholic. How do you prove this even if you do know what it means?

It requires an optimism not justified by the facts to assume that a reunification of Germany is going to be brought about in the foreseeable future. It does seem, therefore, rather gratuitous on Mr. Burnham's part to credit the imagined reunification to anybody's energies, much less to *any* German energies, "civic and in notable measure Catholic," or what have you. Should reunification come to pass, it will be because reunification has been decided upon between Moscow and Washington.

In any case, serious doubts must be entertained with respect to the avidity with which Dr. Adenauer and the C.D.U. politicians would welcome to the all-German electoral rolls the Protestant and, I'll wager, to a large measure Socialist, votes representing the seventeen million citizens in the Soviet zone. I rather imagine that reunification would reduce the C.D.U. to the role of loyal opposition for a long time to come.

In summary, hurrah for Dr. Adenauer and the good he's done, but let's not let faith carry away reason when it comes to assessing just what credit he and his party deserve.

R. C. RAACK.

REPLY

San Francisco, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Raack's comments demand a thesis rather than a necessarily elliptical "appreciation," but perhaps some of his criticisms and contradictions can be used to show more of what was originally meant. That column identified Adenauer's policy along at least four of its principal lines and by several more general characterizations. I took it to be a policy very suitably developed by a Rhenish Catholic statesman. There is the "innuendo" in Mr. Raack's letter—if I may misuse the word—that he recognizes the content of the policy, although he does not choose to argue the case explicitly. He does point out, warning us, as it were, "And don't think the East German Communists don't play the tune about Adenauer's 'Catholic policy' for all it's worth."

The Communists of East Germany, and further East, have been Adenauer's principal contestants thus far, and not the S.P.D., which presumably also opposes the Communist policy, after its fashion. The original column didn't have room to go into the domestic opposition; any characterization of it as simian or barbaric is gratuitous. It was not exactly the occupation "authorities" favoring the S.P.D. close on the war, but beavers trying to impose upon them. The shaggy, generalized myth of the immaculate "old S.P.D. comrade" was more closely linked to Marxist ideology than to historical reality. But the column was not written to "wave a bloody shirt." The abundance of evidence relatively clearing the Center was outside the scope of the observations which Mr. Raack attacks—although he does well to castigate my grammar. "Good" S.P.D. men were liquidated or otherwise "dispersed" by Nazis; "bad" S.P.D. men were "compromised" and so lost. None, anyway, has yet shown up in Western Germany capable of taking political command.

By the most "European" parts of Germany, I meant both "cosmopolitan" and all-European—and catholic and Catholic—at present, and in historic formation and tradition. "Pan-European" is ambiguous in a tricky sort of way: in a certain way I meant that too. These parts were to be distinguished from those German and old Prussian power centers further East, and also from Bavaria and the rest of South Germany, although the latter distinction would not hold up so well historically. Factually, Mr. Raack is surely aware that the Christian Democratic Union of the North is distinguished from the Christian Social Union in Bavaria, which is allied to it; and that in the 1957 federal elections North Rhine-Westphalia, which includes the Ruhr, gave the alliance 4,807,368 votes while Bavaria was turning in 3,013,390. North Rhine-Westphalia is the most highly industrialized area of Europe. I believed that there was a certain tendency toward archaism in the prevailing Bavarian Catholic scene at the end of the war, and that Bavaria was over-adjusted to the old pattern of solid, "confessional" population areas. This gave the Rhenish Catholics and those around the Ruhr a relative advantage in working out new policies. Adenauer is a Catholic and a Rhenish Catholic, as we both have said.

Of course the religious and demographic geography of Germany, with all that northern and eastern territory cut off, gave a Catholic political leader new and special advantages in winning elections. The splendid thing is the way Adenauer took those advantages for the common good. I do not believe, write or imply that Prussian kings and soldiers, Nazis, "Berlin" and "Protestants" are like "peas in a pod." Certainly the C.D.U. would be in a bad way without Protestant leaders (e.g. Erhard, Gerstenmaier, Schroder) and voters (one-third the total). There is a thesis that German "unity" in the 19th Century, and again under Hitler, came in ways which were tough on Europe and on Germany itself and on Catholicism, which seems to me a likely thesis and very generally known. If German

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unity should come somehow or other while Adenauer policies, or their logical extension, prevailed, that would be more promising for Germany, for her neighbors and for the world. Adenauer's "reunification policy" appears to be a part of his over-all policy which is kept in proportion and not developed to over-riding, heedless or explosive dimensions. The way reunification is worked for and the reasons it is desired and the manner in which it is placed in a general cultural pattern are important . . . now so important and valuable that it appears to me fundamentally incorrect to label Adenauer's reunification policy "a total failure" because East Germany remains, and may remain considerably longer, cut off by Russia.

"In summary," Adenauer's civilized, cultural policy for Germany is impressive, even under the criticism of Mr. Raack. It seems normal for an American Catholic to like very much the idea of a Christian Germany, and of a Germany which strengthens West and Central Europe . . . and is firmly and courageously allied to the United States.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

BOOKS

Comic Critique of the Modern City of Man

THE EMPIRE CITY. By Paul Goodman. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.95.

By RICHARD GILMAN

ONE THING certain good American writers have discovered is that where tragedy isn't possible comedy sometimes is and that comedy is much more serious and important than psuedo-tragedy. Comedy, in the sense that writers like Bellow, Salinger and Paul Goodman are capable of it, is of course something more than telling jokes or taking prat-falls; it is a way of ordering experience so that it becomes detached from fatality, a process wherein the unhampered, capricious spirit plays with its possibilities and thereby releases us from what had appeared to be the inescapability of our condition.

It requires full candor, it means that nothing is to be taken as sacred until it is *felt* as sacred (which is one way of defining the difference between literature and religion), it rests on the proposition that every truth has its saving aspect if only you can look at it in the right way. When truths are wedged tightly against each other, so that life has to be taken in a fatal, earnest lump, comedy breaks up the mass through hyperbole and nose-pulling, chimeras and sudden effulgences, satire, irony and amazement.

Paul Goodman has been writing *The Empire City* for more than twenty years, long enough for him to have learned how to employ all these strategies and instruments. The book's first two sections, "The Grand Piano" and "The State of Nature," were published separately during and just after the war, and Goodman says that he may have a fifth volume after a while. Such a manner of proceeding, by slow accretion and obedience to the crankiness of time, is consistent with the nature of the work, which can be called a novel only out of the limitations of the critical vocabulary.

The Empire City unfolds as a series of incidents, antic, lyrical, wry or elegaic, but always informed by high spirits that counterbalance a terrifying awareness of degradation (recall that Kafka, whom Goodman greatly admires, used to laugh when reading aloud his disturbing myths), and always designed to set something free. Interspersed there are long passages of exhortation and bizarre philosophy, quotations from the classics and from newspapers, conversations lifted from life, extracts from the author's journals, poetry, passages of musical notation, anything that comes to a mind disabused of notions of what properly constitutes literature. Reality is forever falling away and swooping back, like the land in relation to a soaring, dipping balloon.

What gives everything its purpose is Goodman's vision of the indigestible lump—which is all there is—the body of modern truth, imaged here as the Empire City, which is recognizably New York but also the social reality, the city of man and the human condition in the fourth, fifth and sixth decades of our problem-child, the twentieth century.

Why, Goodman asks, do not men live sensibly, in conformity with their true natures and to the gratification of their deepest desires? Why can't they see the silliness of their most weighty acts? Why can't they see the ponderousness of their most lighthearted?

After this Goodman proceeds to try to force new sense out of the senselessness and provide an answer to the dilemma which the Empire City poses to men who do see the true situation:

"Either to dissent from the social community and thereby grow sickly, deformed and mad—for where else is one to thrive?—or conform to it and go mad and stifle. Air! Air! For there is a stink of putrefaction."

Goodman lets in air by alternately satirizing the social community and offering epiphanies of the ways in which it is possible to be human. He takes his characters through what amounts to an "educational romance," a *bildingsroman* whose fantastic qualities do not obscure its traditional purpose: to teach men how to live.

Nothing that we have lived or lived through during the past generation escapes having its absurdities uncovered: the War, which lasted "longer than the Duration"; the world of the *Herald Tribune,* in which we do not find anything humanly relevant, and of the P.T.A.; the Eisenhower cult; the

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new ways in which we eat, relax, converse and plan.

It is all funny and sorrowful and not to be denied. Indeed we have to do with "a full-grown neurotic, alienated from both himself and the world; no love, anger or curiosity. A good citizen, obsessively orderly, a union member, a willingly conscripted soldier. What he wants, where he is, what he is doing there —all this is hopelessly forgotten."

After their education some of his characters know at least what they want and where they are; the tripartite formula for their successful vault over the horns of the dilemma is: "to have another ounce of strength," "to go about one's business in order to find out what one's business is," and to "be handy with some definite detail." It is a cure designed against abstraction.

This would be enough; the air has been let in, the spirit moves with wayward cocky grace in its windfall of spaciousness. Yet Goodman, unlike Kafka, who was content to let the humor, ruefulness and terror speak for themselves, has an irrepressible taste for oratory, a thirties-like itch for declamation that introduces great stretches of tedium into an otherwise fertile landscape. Worse, his sermonizing exposes him to refutation, something that can never happen to the imagination, or to thought whose purpose is to serve the imagination.

That the sermon is largely concerned with sex, a Lawrentian plea for directness, a Reichian argument for the existence of specialized sexual "energy," isn't what is at issue. That it sounds so much like ideology, that it states more than it accomplishes and acts as a reduction rather than a liberation, is what is so nearly fatal to *The Empire City*.

But it isn't fatal. The comedy still sets us dancing and puts us in possession of elbow-room. The indigestible lump lies in manageable fragments; the sense of possibility has been released. There isn't too much more we can ask from writing nowadays.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Man and Nature

THE LION. By Joseph Kessel. Translated by Peter Green. Knopf. $3.75.

By MAX COSMAN

IT WOULD seem that a volume indebted to classics for its characters (Patricia is an African version of Rima of *Green Mansions* and game warden Bullit a maturer variation of Wilson in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber") and to contemporary work for its line of interest (books from *The Green Mare* to *The Roots of Heaven* have made deference to animals rather common these days), could not avoid being negligible.

But *The Lion* is far from that, and principally because Mr. Kessel has yet made a contribution, and that is to give a fresh context to a theme like man's relationship to nature. How significant the theme is can be gauged by the fact that it has informed modern consciousness ever since Rousseau. The freshness of the context must of course become apparent as we proceed.

Imprisoned in self and society, civilized man—so runs Mr. Kessel's argument—is indeed a stranger to nature, that is, to wilderness. When he comes to it, as the tourists to the National Park at Kilimanjaro do, it is for flatulent reasons, and it is well that he is kept under guard, since he is incapable of a true connection with what is before him.

As a former Resistance fighter and an existentialist, Mr. Kessel is not interested, however, in the uncommitted mass of his fellow citizens. The ones he wants to consider are those who have for good enough motives related themselves to the wild. In Sybil Bullit he poses the individual who is superficially engaged. She is in the jungle but not of it and her repeated reference to Lise Darbois in Paris is a harking back to the pale she really prefers.

Her husband the Warden of the Reserve is someone else again. Former destroyer of jungle creatures—out of inverted love, according to the Freudian interpretation —he is now their rabid defender and perpetuator. His conscience, apparently, is Patricia, an androgynous twelve-year old and his daughter. She is the one all too much attuned to nature. As a result she can communicate with its creatures. This gift—in fairy tales and myths, isn't that always power? —is symbolized in her sway over King, the master lion.

The narrator in our novel, a surrogate for the novelist himself, is the desired reconciler of extremes. An understander of humans and their institutions, and a traveler and writer like Mr. Kessel, he is no less an understander of nature. He is too wise, consequently, to confuse solace in the primitive with sinking into its savagery.

The issue is joined in Patricia. Either she retrogrades, becomes a white Masai, the wife of a *morane* like Oriunga, or she leaves the jungle for a school suitable to her needs, and, developing as she should, comes back on occasion like the narrator for that appreciation and refreshment which, to apply something of Malraux's, is the transformation into consciousness of "the greatest possible breadth of experience."

Patricia initiates the latter procedure, but not till Oriunga true to his aboriginal heritage attacks King and is mauled to death. In having Bullit avenge the death by shooting King, Mr. Kessel puts himself firmly on the side of civilized existence. It is as if he were saying that when the chips are down between fellowman and creature of the wild, a truly human being has no choice but to side with his own, glorious as the other may be.

Such considerations, then, among others come to us in an unflagging narrative. There are stirring sections like Patricia's introduction of the narrator to King, Bullit in a jeep buzzing some of his charges, and

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the Masais setting up their *manyatta.*

But what are more unforgettable are the book's poetic evocations. The one of the narrator and Patricia taking leave of the Reserve in moonlight and seeing herds of all kinds in ritual movement ("And the beasts danced on.") has an unexpected mystic quality. It is in passages like these that we realize how well Peter Green the translator has escaped some of the traumas inseparable from his underpraised profession.

Life and Talent

KENNETH GRAHAME. A Biography. By Peter Green. World Publishing Co. $6.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

PETER GREEN declares he has wanted to write about Kenneth Grahame since he was six, and he has now fulfilled his ambition in a big way. He has had access to all the family papers; he has dug up all that surfaced of an unhappy and unsuitable marriage; he has pulled to pieces the three masterpieces, *The Golden Age, Dream Days* and *The Wind in the Willows,* with the devoted concentration of a child pulling the petals out of a daisy.

It is a fascinating book, and no doubt everything Mr. Green discovers about Kenneth Grahame is true enough. For Kenneth Grahame had indeed a horrid childhood. His mother died, his father drank; he was raised by a stingy grandmother; he married, late, a sluttish spinster who wore him down and then sulked; their only child was born blind in one eye and poor-sighted in the other; the child committed suicide when an undergraduate at Oxford, the University which had been unattainable for Kenneth himself.

But Mr. Green takes these inexorable tragedies and manages to reduce them to an absurd Freudian *pot-pourri* of fantasies, sublimations and tendencies. He knows so

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little of Scotland that he is surprised Kenneth Grahame's father drank claret—when even in 1437 the biggest importer of claret from France was Scotland, and whiskey there is not an indoor drink except as a nightcap. As Rilke warned, one must not call the feathers of a bird its flight, and Freud himself has confessed, in moving terms, his capitulation before the mystery of genius. "As artistic talent and productive ability are intimately connected with sublimation," he wrote, "we have to admit that the nature of artistic attainment is psychoanalytically unaccountable to us."

The truth is that everything has to be paid for. And to raise oneself to the realities, to fear of power invisible, to the love that made the sun and all the stars, to the peace that passeth understanding, is a life-long, day-long, hour-long, second-long struggle. To be carried to another country where a scarlet tanager in flight and a rainbow are more valid than preferred stock, is a gift that is often dearly paid for in childhood, in agony of shyness, in disgrace of acne or eczema, but no one, from such men as Keats or Aquinas, who had nearly 20/20 spiritual vision, to others like Kenneth Grahame, who had only a few perceptive moments in a long and dreary life, would ever exchange with Solomon in all his glory. Merely once to have been aware that "the incomparable pomp of eve" can illumine even our rotarian landscape is something for which the creator of Mole and Rat and Badger and Toad was as grateful as are his readers. The permanent tragedy is that *we* cannot realize, in the words of Novalis, that "our life is no dream, but it can and should become one."

REVIEWERS

Richard Gilman writes on literary and cultural subjects for various publications.

Max Cosman is a frequent contributor to critical and scholarly journals.

Anne Fremantle is the well-known writer, lecturer and critic. Her recent novel is *By Grace of Love.*

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Beethoven on Stereo

THE GREATER PART of the reviews in this department will be of stereophonic records even though we recognize that (1) a great many listeners have not yet converted to stereo reproducing equipment; (2) some stereo records leave much to be desired so far as sound is concerned; and (3) some monophonic records, when played through two efficient, correctly positioned speakers, are virtually indistinguishable from their stereo mates.

The countervailing facts are that stereo discs are vastly improved over what they were when they first appeared en masse a year ago (the best stereo discs greatly outclass the best mono discs and compare favorably even with stereo tapes); the industry gives no sign of "changing its mind" over the viability of these discs; record buyers who have only monophonic reproducers can secure monophonic versions of most of the new stereo records, though we suspect that this will be decreasingly true as the months go by.

In any event, whenever a monophonic recording, of whatever vintage, is musically superior to a new stereo release, the appropriate comparison and recommendation will be noted here.

* * *

The backbone of any record collection is still Beethoven, and some current stereo performances of his orchestral, choral and concerto literature are worth examining.

Bruno Walter, now in his mid-80's, has embarked on an ambitious project for Columbia—the recording of the complete Beethoven symphonic cycle. The critics' view that Dr. Walter could have better devoted his sunset years to engravings of seldom heard Bruckner and Mahler material, with which he has long been identified, was not shared by Columbia, but the results of the Beethoven cycle to date indicate that the mistake may in the end have been Columbia's.

For what Bruno Walter has given us in the Beethoven symphonies heard so far (Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6) is Walter rather than Beethoven, or, more accurately, Walter-playing-Mozart. Truth is, time has further gentled the always gentle Dr. Walter. There is little of Beethoven's striding instancy, for example, in the gigantic first movement of the Eroica; instead, one hears rounded, delicate phrases, because this is what Dr. Walter now hears. It's all very beautiful in a Mozartian way, but not very Beethoven. The orchestra is the Columbia Symphony which, we understand, is a pick-up ensemble of West Coast musicians. There is no reason to think they are giving Dr. Walter anything but what he is requesting.

Klemperer's Beethoven cycle with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London (Angel) is not faultless, but it is perhaps the most convincing statement of this material since Toscanini. There is nothing "minor" about the Eighth symphony: Klemperer gives the opening allegro an Olympian cast and the balance of the work is proportionately shaped. Even the less weighty First symphony receives the conductor's most thoughtful, professional consideration.

In the Ninth, Klemperer's relentless control of both his vision and his orchestra is marvelously demonstrated as he builds inexorably toward the final, towering choral movement, the Ode to Joy. Unhappily, the Ode is marred by mechanical and esthetic flaws. Microphoning is apparently somewhat distant and orchestra and chorus do not quite mesh. Also, baritone Hans Hotter's strenuous delivery is more than a little distracting, though the other soloists in the quartet—Aase Nordmo-Lovberg, Christa Ludwig, and Waldemar Kmentt—sing with distinction and compare favorably with all competitors.

Actually, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, undoubtedly assisted by much shrewder placement of microphones, gives us a far more heroic, joyous performance of the bass's

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—GRANVILLE HICKS, *Saturday Review*

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part, though, like Hotter, he is a baritone. He can be heard with Ferenc Fricsay and the Berlin Philharmonic (Decca) in a Ninth that has its superb moments (notably in the almost unbearably beautiful third-movement adagio) but which lacks the drama imparted by Klemperer's over-arching mastery of this work. Fricsay's performance is also flawed by too wide a separation of the channels and by a good deal of surface noise.

Karl Bohm has turned in a creditable performance of the Seventh symphony with the Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon), an unhurried performance in which the slowness of the slow passages is just a trifle exaggerated. Reiner and the Chicago Symphony (Victor) have turned in a Seventh with a good deal more crackling excitement and vitality, not to mention the brighter sound of Orchestra Hall where this group does most of its recordings for Victor.

Sir Thomas Beecham has enriched the Beethoven discography with performances of two seldom-heard works: the Mass in C (Capitol-EMI) and Incidental Music to 'The Ruins of Athens' (Angel). The latter is coupled with a spirited reading of the Second symphony. In both recordings, Sir Thomas displays his usual discriminating musical taste and the sensitivity and keen appreciativeness with which he freshens everything he touches. The Beecham Choral Society and Royal Philharmonic are featured in both works; the chorus is especially memorable in the mighty fugal climaxes to the Gloria and Credo of the Mass.

* * *

In the Beethoven concerto literature, several performances are, of course, irreproachable and perhaps unapproachable. The Heifetz-Munch collaboration (Victor) in the violin concerto will be the high standard against which all competing performances must be measured.

The Rubinstein-Krips performance of the five piano concertos (Victor) is still the most arresting accomplishment of this material in purely musical terms (Victor, and

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From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. C-2, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

all other companies, have learned a lot about how to make stereo discs since this set was issued.

Special mention should be made of a performance by Karl Munchinger and the Vienna Philharmonic (London) of four overtures —Leonore No. 3, Fidelio, Egmont and Coriolan. Munchinger's repute has come primarily from his work with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, though he works on occasion with this Vienna ensemble. The present recording is simply stunning —big in concept, big in execution; and London's engineers, who seem most consistently to come up with the best recording job in the industry, indicate here that their reputation is solidly based. The sound is subtly divided and blended; it is both spacious and deep; and, without any attenuation of clarity, it gives full value to the widest range of passages.

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Also Notable

Beethoven: Triple Concerto: David Oistrakh Trio and Philharmonia conducted by Sargent (Angel).

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5: Clifford Curzon, piano; Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Knappertsbusch (London).

Handel: Organ Concertos Vol. II. E. Power Biggs, organ; London Philharmonic conducted by Boult (Columbia).

Bach: Violin Concertos: Felix Ayo and Roberto Michelucci; I Musici (Epic).

Delius: Brigg Fair, A Song Before Sunrise, Summer Night on the River, On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring, etc. Royal Philharmonic conducted by Beecham (Capitol-EMI).

Monteverdi: Madrigali Amorosi. The Deller Consort (Vanguard).

Mozart: Piano Concertos Nos. 11, 20. Rudolf Serkin, piano. Marlboro Festival Orchestra conducted by Schneider (Columbia).

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3 Mr. Barzun, Mr. Auden and Mr. Trilling communicate with you each month by means of a handsome new publication called THE MID-CENTURY, which is full of delightfully controversial articles, news about books, and insight into the Society's book offerings. There has been unanimous praise throughout the entire publishing industry for "the splendid achievement" of THE MID-CENTURY, which is FREE, but only to members. (No other book club publishes a comparable magazine.)

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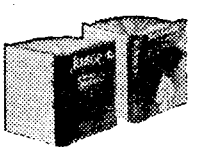
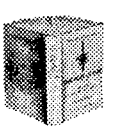
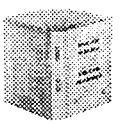


JUSTINE and BALTHAZAR by Lawrence Durrell (a dual selection)—Justine and Balthazar are an investigation of modern love. Freud contributes the epigraph to Justine: "I am accustoming myself to the idea of regarding every sexual act as a process in which four persons are involved. We shall have a lot to discuss about that." Retail price of both books: $7.00. Member's price: $5.25.

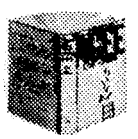


THE AGES OF MAN by William Shakespeare, selected and arranged by George Rylands—Sir John Gielgud's brilliant performance of The Ages of Man was a memorable event last year on Broadway. The remarkable anthology on which it was based, long out of print, is now available only in a MID-CENTURY edition, just the right size for casual reading. MID-CENTURY edition: $4.95.

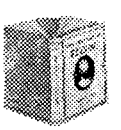


OSCAR WILDE His Life and Confessions by Frank Harris (George Bernard Shaw contributes an appendix.)—Now available for the first time in 30 years, this book was described by H. L. Mencken as "perhaps the best biography done by an American." Fascinating trial scenes, remarkable candor. Retail: $7.00. Member's price: $4.95.

THREE PLAYS BY JOHN OSBORNE (a one-volume edition) LOOK BACK IN ANGER • THE ENTERTAINER • EPITAPH FOR GEORGE DILLON (by Mr. Osborne and Anthony Creighton)—The London Times Literary Supplement says, "Mr. Osborne's dialogue leaps off the page." Retail: $8.25. Member's price: $4.95.



AGEE ON FILM—Pulitzer Prize-winning James Agee, author of A Death in the Family, was the best movie critic this country ever had. Reading AGEE ON FILM is more fun than going to the movies. Illustrated with memorable pictures. Retail: $6.00. Member's price: $4.50.



THE PORTRAIT OF ZELIDE by Geoffrey Scott—A Twentieth-Century masterpiece. Retail: $3.50. Member's price: $2.95.

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT by Jacques Barzun—The New York Times described Mr. Barzun's best-seller as "the most important critique of American culture in many years." Retail: $5.00. Member's price: $3.50.

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